

AT 230-ENGLISH NEWS.

Sawtell, the Fratricide, Cheats the Gallows After All.

Many Unpleasant Christmastide Episodes—Mild Weather and the Grip.

Interesting News in Variety Condensed for Quick Reading.

CONCORD, N. H., Dec. 28.—Isaac B. Sawtell, the murderer of his brother Hiram at Rochester, N. H., Feb. 5, 1890, died in the hospital of the State prison at 10.15 o'clock this forenoon. He was stricken with apoplexy Thursday night and never regained consciousness and has scarcely voluntarily moved a muscle since he was discovered ill in his cell up to his death. He lay in a stupor in the hospital all day yesterday and last night, the officers of the prison watching his lips with cold water at intervals.

At about 9.30 this morning a marked change was noticed in his condition, and from that time he sank rapidly until he died. Death came peacefully, without struggle. The body was at once prepared for burial, and a telegram sent to the dead man's counsel, James A. Edgerly of Great Falls, informing him of the death, and that the remains would be held subject to his order.

CHRISTMAS TRAGEDIES.

Dark Side of the Great Feast in New England.

The Sudbury House, a cheap hotel in Boston, was the scene of the murder of Joseph Brown, a woman of loose character, by a woman alleged to have been identified as Joseph Scannell of Lawrence, Mass. The murderer has not yet been arrested.

A shocking murder took place in Aldrich's block, 124 Appleton st., at Lowell, Thursday night. The victim was Frank L. Moulton, a dissipated barber, who beat his wife, Alma R. Moulton, to death with a flat-iron. He appears to have been sober at the time of committing the crime.

Early Friday morning Officer O'Connor of Lawrence met John O'Hare and the latter's year-old son, and took them to the fire alarm box. The boy said his house, 4 Essex st., was on fire, and that O'Hare was on arriving there found men putting out the fire, which had started in the bed. O'Hare was taken to the hospital, and died a few hours later. The city marshal investigated the case, and found that O'Hare and his wife had been drinking and quarrelling. O'Hare was arrested, it looked as though O'Hare should have been the house, taking his wife with him.

Patrick Kline, 60, was found burned to death at 206 Canal st., Lowell, Christmas morning. He was taken to the hospital, and died a few hours later. The city marshal investigated the case, and found that Kline and his wife had been drinking and quarrelling. Kline was arrested, it looked as though Kline should have been the house, taking his wife with him.

CAPT. LYON'S EXPERIENCE.

No Winter Like the Present Since that of 1827-28.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Dec. 25.—A representative of The Globe called yesterday on Capt. Dan Lyon, the oldest living steamboat captain on Lake Champlain.

He is a veritable encyclopedia on everything of a local character, and in the course of conversation he said, among other things:

"I have never known but one season like the present, and that was during the winter of 1827 and '28."

He was then asked by the Gen. Greene between here and Fort Kent and Plattsburgh, and there wasn't a bit of ice in the whole lake."

The same year the old Lake Champlain Steamboat Company hauled out the Phoenix at Shelburne Bay during the season."

The Phoenix had a new engine that was built in Albany, and the whole thing had to be hauled out of there to Shelburne harbor through the mud."

"At Middlebury that proverbial Addison county mud was so deep that the boat was ready to launch by the middle of January."

"The 18th of the month was fixed upon for the launch, and I took over a large party on the Gen. Greene."

"The sun was shining with a warmth that would equal a July day, and the ladies sat out on the deck in their bathing suits."

"Capt. Snow reported clear water at St. Johns, and there ought to have been ice there over a foot thick."

"People worked around every small pond in this vicinity vainly trying to get ice."

"Even around the ponds here all was clear, and there wasn't a bit of ice anywhere during the year."

"I can't think that this winter, from present indications, prove like that one," said the reporter.

"It certainly looks off in just as did the one I have been speaking of. I should not be surprised, to see it keep right along on the same track."

WIFE MURDERER BELL.

Penalty to be Paid With His Life, Friday, Jan. 1, at Windsor, Vt.

WINDSOR, Vt., Dec. 27.—The State prison here has not been the scene of a hanging for several years, but on Friday, Jan. 1, prisoner H. B. Bell, who was convicted of murdering his wife, will be executed by hanging.

The murderer is now in solitary confinement and sees no one except the chaplain and other prison officials.

He is fairly well, considering that he has but five days more to live.

As yet no preparations have been made for the hanging, as the gallows is not ready to be put together, and it can be done quickly.

Although the gallows has not been used for so long a time there is no doubt but it will do its work effectively.

Bell received the death sentence Sept. 16, 1890, and has been confined in the State prison since Jan. 1, 1891. He was captured there as he was in the act of murdering his wife.

Prison life has been uneventful, and he is apparently resigned to his fate. Bell is now 57 years old.

Connecticut Grocer Held Up.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 24.—William Blakeman, a grocer of Derby, was held up about 10 o'clock tonight by highwaymen and was relieved of \$500 in cash and a gold watch. Blakeman had just closed his store and was on his way home. There is no clue to the identity of the thief.

Body of a Man Found in Lowell Woods.

LOWELL, Dec. 28.—Has there been a murder committed in the woods between Carleton and South Acton?

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1891.

Sawtell, the Fratricide, Cheats the Gallows After All.

Many Unpleasant Christmastide Episodes—Mild Weather and the Grip.

Interesting News in Variety Condensed for Quick Reading.

CONCORD, N. H., Dec. 28.—Isaac B. Sawtell, the murderer of his brother Hiram at Rochester, N. H., Feb. 5, 1890, died in the hospital of the State prison at 10.15 o'clock this forenoon. He was stricken with apoplexy Thursday night and never regained consciousness and has scarcely voluntarily moved a muscle since he was discovered ill in his cell up to his death. He lay in a stupor in the hospital all day yesterday and last night, the officers of the prison watching his lips with cold water at intervals.

At about 9.30 this morning a marked change was noticed in his condition, and from that time he sank rapidly until he died. Death came peacefully, without struggle. The body was at once prepared for burial, and a telegram sent to the dead man's counsel, James A. Edgerly of Great Falls, informing him of the death, and that the remains would be held subject to his order.

CHRISTMAS TRAGEDIES.

Dark Side of the Great Feast in New England.

The Sudbury House, a cheap hotel in Boston, was the scene of the murder of Joseph Brown, a woman of loose character, by a woman alleged to have been identified as Joseph Scannell of Lawrence, Mass. The murderer has not yet been arrested.

A shocking murder took place in Aldrich's block, 124 Appleton st., at Lowell, Thursday night. The victim was Frank L. Moulton, a dissipated barber, who beat his wife, Alma R. Moulton, to death with a flat-iron. He appears to have been sober at the time of committing the crime.

Early Friday morning Officer O'Connor of Lawrence met John O'Hare and the latter's year-old son, and took them to the fire alarm box. The boy said his house, 4 Essex st., was on fire, and that O'Hare was on arriving there found men putting out the fire, which had started in the bed. O'Hare was taken to the hospital, and died a few hours later. The city marshal investigated the case, and found that O'Hare and his wife had been drinking and quarrelling. O'Hare was arrested, it looked as though O'Hare should have been the house, taking his wife with him.

Patrick Kline, 60, was found burned to death at 206 Canal st., Lowell, Christmas morning. He was taken to the hospital, and died a few hours later. The city marshal investigated the case, and found that Kline and his wife had been drinking and quarrelling. Kline was arrested, it looked as though Kline should have been the house, taking his wife with him.

CAPT. LYON'S EXPERIENCE.

No Winter Like the Present Since that of 1827-28.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Dec. 25.—A representative of The Globe called yesterday on Capt. Dan Lyon, the oldest living steamboat captain on Lake Champlain.

He is a veritable encyclopedia on everything of a local character, and in the course of conversation he said, among other things:

"I have never known but one season like the present, and that was during the winter of 1827 and '28."

He was then asked by the Gen. Greene between here and Fort Kent and Plattsburgh, and there wasn't a bit of ice in the whole lake."

The same year the old Lake Champlain Steamboat Company hauled out the Phoenix at Shelburne Bay during the season."

The Phoenix had a new engine that was built in Albany, and the whole thing had to be hauled out of there to Shelburne harbor through the mud."

"At Middlebury that proverbial Addison county mud was so deep that the boat was ready to launch by the middle of January."

"The 18th of the month was fixed upon for the launch, and I took over a large party on the Gen. Greene."

"The sun was shining with a warmth that would equal a July day, and the ladies sat out on the deck in their bathing suits."

"Capt. Snow reported clear water at St. Johns, and there ought to have been ice there over a foot thick."

"People worked around every small pond in this vicinity vainly trying to get ice."

"Even around the ponds here all was clear, and there wasn't a bit of ice anywhere during the year."

"I can't think that this winter, from present indications, prove like that one," said the reporter.

"It certainly looks off in just as did the one I have been speaking of. I should not be surprised, to see it keep right along on the same track."

WIFE MURDERER BELL.

Penalty to be Paid With His Life, Friday, Jan. 1, at Windsor, Vt.

WINDSOR, Vt., Dec. 27.—The State prison here has not been the scene of a hanging for several years, but on Friday, Jan. 1, prisoner H. B. Bell, who was convicted of murdering his wife, will be executed by hanging.

The murderer is now in solitary confinement and sees no one except the chaplain and other prison officials.

He is fairly well, considering that he has but five days more to live.

As yet no preparations have been made for the hanging, as the gallows is not ready to be put together, and it can be done quickly.

Although the gallows has not been used for so long a time there is no doubt but it will do its work effectively.

Bell received the death sentence Sept. 16, 1890, and has been confined in the State prison since Jan. 1, 1891. He was captured there as he was in the act of murdering his wife.

Prison life has been uneventful, and he is apparently resigned to his fate. Bell is now 57 years old.

Connecticut Grocer Held Up.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 24.—William Blakeman, a grocer of Derby, was held up about 10 o'clock tonight by highwaymen and was relieved of \$500 in cash and a gold watch. Blakeman had just closed his store and was on his way home. There is no clue to the identity of the thief.

Body of a Man Found in Lowell Woods.

LOWELL, Dec. 28.—Has there been a murder committed in the woods between Carleton and South Acton?

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1891.

Sawtell, the Fratricide, Cheats the Gallows After All.

Many Unpleasant Christmastide Episodes—Mild Weather and the Grip.

Interesting News in Variety Condensed for Quick Reading.

CONCORD, N. H., Dec. 28.—Isaac B. Sawtell, the murderer of his brother Hiram at Rochester, N. H., Feb. 5, 1890, died in the hospital of the State prison at 10.15 o'clock this forenoon. He was stricken with apoplexy Thursday night and never regained consciousness and has scarcely voluntarily moved a muscle since he was discovered ill in his cell up to his death. He lay in a stupor in the hospital all day yesterday and last night, the officers of the prison watching his lips with cold water at intervals.

At about 9.30 this morning a marked change was noticed in his condition, and from that time he sank rapidly until he died. Death came peacefully, without struggle. The body was at once prepared for burial, and a telegram sent to the dead man's counsel, James A. Edgerly of Great Falls, informing him of the death, and that the remains would be held subject to his order.

CHRISTMAS TRAGEDIES.

Dark Side of the Great Feast in New England.

The Sudbury House, a cheap hotel in Boston, was the scene of the murder of Joseph Brown, a woman of loose character, by a woman alleged to have been identified as Joseph Scannell of Lawrence, Mass. The murderer has not yet been arrested.

A shocking murder took place in Aldrich's block, 124 Appleton st., at Lowell, Thursday night. The victim was Frank L. Moulton, a dissipated barber, who beat his wife, Alma R. Moulton, to death with a flat-iron. He appears to have been sober at the time of committing the crime.

Early Friday morning Officer O'Connor of Lawrence met John O'Hare and the latter's year-old son, and took them to the fire alarm box. The boy said his house, 4 Essex st., was on fire, and that O'Hare was on arriving there found men putting out the fire, which had started in the bed. O'Hare was taken to the hospital, and died a few hours later. The city marshal investigated the case, and found that O'Hare and his wife had been drinking and quarrelling. O'Hare was arrested, it looked as though O'Hare should have been the house, taking his wife with him.

Patrick Kline, 60, was found burned to death at 206 Canal st., Lowell, Christmas morning. He was taken to the hospital, and died a few hours later. The city marshal investigated the case, and found that Kline and his wife had been drinking and quarrelling. Kline was arrested, it looked as though Kline should have been the house, taking his wife with him.

CAPT. LYON'S EXPERIENCE.

No Winter Like the Present Since that of 1827-28.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Dec. 25.—A representative of The Globe called yesterday on Capt. Dan Lyon, the oldest living steamboat captain on Lake Champlain.

He is a veritable encyclopedia on everything of a local character, and in the course of conversation he said, among other things:

"I have never known but one season like the present, and that was during the winter of 1827 and '28."

He was then asked by the Gen. Greene between here and Fort Kent and Plattsburgh, and there wasn't a bit of ice in the whole lake."

The same year the old Lake Champlain Steamboat Company hauled out the Phoenix at Shelburne Bay during the season."

The Phoenix had a new engine that was built in Albany, and the whole thing had to be hauled out of there to Shelburne harbor through the mud."

"At Middlebury that proverbial Addison county mud was so deep that the boat was ready to launch by the middle of January."

"The 18th of the month was fixed upon for the launch, and I took over a large party on the Gen. Greene."

"The sun was shining with a warmth that would equal a July day, and the ladies sat out on the deck in their bathing suits."

"Capt. Snow reported clear water at St. Johns, and there ought to have been ice there over a foot thick."

"People worked around every small pond in this vicinity vainly trying to get ice."

"Even around the ponds here all was clear, and there wasn't a bit of ice anywhere during the year."

"I can't think that this winter, from present indications, prove like that one," said the reporter.

"It certainly looks off in just as did the one I have been speaking of. I should not be surprised, to see it keep right along on the same track."

WIFE MURDERER BELL.

Penalty to be Paid With His Life, Friday, Jan. 1, at Windsor, Vt.

WINDSOR, Vt., Dec. 27.—The State prison here has not been the scene of a hanging for several years, but on Friday, Jan. 1, prisoner H. B. Bell, who was convicted of murdering his wife, will be executed by hanging.

The murderer is now in solitary confinement and sees no one except the chaplain and other prison officials.

He is fairly well, considering that he has but five days more to live.

As yet no preparations have been made for the hanging, as the gallows is not ready to be put together, and it can be done quickly.

Although the gallows has not been used for so long a time there is no doubt but it will do its work effectively.

Bell received the death sentence Sept. 16, 1890, and has been confined in the State prison since Jan. 1, 1891. He was captured there as he was in the act of murdering his wife.

Prison life has been uneventful, and he is apparently resigned to his fate. Bell is now 57 years old.

Connecticut Grocer Held Up.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 24.—William Blakeman, a grocer of Derby, was held up about 10 o'clock tonight by highwaymen and was relieved of \$500 in cash and a gold watch. Blakeman had just closed his store and was on his way home. There is no clue to the identity of the thief.

Body of a Man Found in Lowell Woods.

LOWELL, Dec. 28.—Has there been a murder committed in the woods between Carleton and South Acton?

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1891.

Sawtell, the Fratricide, Cheats the Gallows After All.

Many Unpleasant Christmastide Episodes—Mild Weather and the Grip.

Interesting News in Variety Condensed for Quick Reading.

CONCORD, N. H., Dec. 28.—Isaac B. Sawtell, the murderer of his brother Hiram at Rochester, N. H., Feb. 5, 1890, died in the hospital of the State prison at 10.15 o'clock this forenoon. He was stricken with apoplexy Thursday night and never regained consciousness and has scarcely voluntarily moved a muscle since he was discovered ill in his cell up to his death. He lay in a stupor in the hospital all day yesterday and last night, the officers of the prison watching his lips with cold water at intervals.

At about 9.30 this morning a marked change was noticed in his condition, and from that time he sank rapidly until he died. Death came peacefully, without struggle. The body was at once prepared for burial, and a telegram sent to the dead man's counsel, James A. Edgerly of Great Falls, informing him of the death, and that the remains would be held subject to his order.

CHRISTMAS TRAGEDIES.

Dark Side of the Great Feast in New England.

The Sudbury House, a cheap hotel in Boston, was the scene of the murder of Joseph Brown, a woman of loose character, by a woman alleged to have been identified as Joseph Scannell of Lawrence, Mass. The murderer has not yet been arrested.

A shocking murder took place in Aldrich's block, 124 Appleton st., at Lowell, Thursday night. The victim was Frank L. Moulton, a dissipated barber, who beat his wife, Alma R. Moulton, to death with a flat-iron. He appears to have been sober at the time of committing the crime.

Early Friday morning Officer O'Connor of Lawrence met John O'Hare and the latter's year-old son, and took them to the fire alarm box. The boy said his house, 4 Essex st., was on fire, and that O'Hare was on arriving there found men putting out the fire, which had started in the bed. O'Hare was taken to the hospital, and died a few hours later. The city marshal investigated the case, and found that O'Hare and his wife had been drinking and quarrelling. O'Hare was arrested, it looked as though O'Hare should have been the house, taking his wife with him.

Patrick Kline, 60, was found burned to death at 206 Canal st., Lowell, Christmas morning. He was taken to the hospital, and died a few hours later. The city marshal investigated the case, and found that Kline and his wife had been drinking and quarrelling. Kline was arrested, it looked as though Kline should have been the house, taking his wife with him.

CAPT. LYON'S EXPERIENCE.

No Winter Like the Present Since that of 1827-28.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Dec. 25.—A representative of The Globe called yesterday on Capt. Dan Lyon, the oldest living steamboat captain on Lake Champlain.

He is a veritable encyclopedia on everything of a local character, and in the course of conversation he said, among other things:

"I have never known but one season like the present, and that was during the winter of 1827 and '28."

He was then asked by the Gen. Greene between here and Fort Kent and Plattsburgh, and there wasn't a bit of ice in the whole lake."

The same year the old Lake Champlain Steamboat Company hauled out the Phoenix at Shelburne Bay during the season."

The Phoenix had a new engine that was built in Albany, and the whole thing had to be hauled out of there to Shelburne harbor through the mud."

"At Middlebury that proverbial Addison county mud was so deep that the boat was ready to launch by the middle of January."

"The 18th of the month was fixed upon for the launch, and I took over a large party on the Gen. Greene."

"The sun was shining with a warmth that would equal a July day, and the ladies sat out on the deck in their bathing suits."

"Capt. Snow reported clear water at St. Johns, and there ought to have been ice there over a foot thick."

"People worked around every small pond in this vicinity vainly trying to get ice."

"Even around the ponds here all was clear, and there wasn't a bit of ice anywhere during the year."

"I can't think that this winter, from present indications, prove like that one," said the reporter.

"It certainly looks off in just as did the one I have been speaking of. I should not be surprised, to see it keep right along on the same track."

WIFE MURDERER BELL.

Penalty to be Paid With His Life, Friday, Jan. 1, at Windsor, Vt.

WINDSOR, Vt., Dec. 27.—The State prison here has not been the scene of a hanging for several years, but on Friday, Jan. 1, prisoner H. B. Bell, who was convicted of murdering his wife, will be executed by hanging.

The murderer is now in solitary confinement and sees no one except the chaplain and other prison officials.

He is fairly well, considering that he has but five days more to live.

As yet no preparations have been made for the hanging, as the gallows is not ready to be put together, and it can be done quickly.

Although the gallows has not been used for so long a time there is no doubt but it will do its work effectively.

Bell received the death sentence Sept. 16, 1890, and has been confined in the State prison since Jan. 1, 1891. He was captured there as he was in the act of murdering his wife.

Prison life has been uneventful, and he is apparently resigned to his fate. Bell is now 57 years old.

Connecticut Grocer Held Up.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 24.—William Blakeman, a grocer of Derby, was held up about 10 o'clock tonight by highwaymen and was relieved of \$500 in cash and a gold watch. Blakeman had just closed his store and was on his way home. There is no clue to the identity of the thief.

Body of a Man Found in Lowell Woods.

LOWELL, Dec. 28.—Has there been a murder committed in the woods between Carleton and South Acton?

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1891.

Sawtell, the Fratricide, Cheats the Gallows After All.

Many Unpleasant Christmastide Episodes—Mild Weather and the Grip.

Interesting News in Variety Condensed for Quick Reading.

CONCORD, N. H., Dec. 28.—Isaac B. Sawtell, the murderer of his brother Hiram at Rochester, N. H., Feb. 5, 1890, died in the hospital of the State prison at 10.15 o'clock this forenoon. He was stricken with apoplexy Thursday night and never regained consciousness and has scarcely voluntarily moved a muscle since he was discovered ill in his cell up to his death. He lay in a stupor in the hospital all day yesterday and last night, the officers of the prison watching his lips with cold water at intervals.

At about 9.30 this morning a marked change was noticed in his condition, and from that time he sank rapidly until he died. Death came peacefully, without struggle. The body was at once prepared for burial, and a telegram sent to the dead man's counsel, James A. Edgerly of Great Falls, informing him of the death, and that the remains would be held subject to his order.

CHRISTMAS TRAGEDIES.

Dark Side of the Great Feast in New England.

The Sudbury House, a cheap hotel in Boston, was the scene of the murder of Joseph Brown, a woman of loose character, by a woman alleged to have been identified as Joseph Scannell of Lawrence, Mass. The murderer has not yet been arrested.

A shocking murder took place in Aldrich's block, 124 Appleton st., at Lowell, Thursday night. The victim was Frank L. Moulton, a dissipated barber, who beat his wife, Alma R. Moulton, to death with a flat-iron. He appears to have been sober at the time of committing the crime.

Early Friday morning Officer O'Connor of Lawrence met John O'Hare and the latter's year-old son, and took them to the fire alarm box. The boy said his house, 4 Essex st., was on fire, and that O'Hare was on arriving there found men putting out the fire, which had started in the bed. O'Hare was taken to the hospital, and died a few hours later. The city marshal investigated the case, and found that O'Hare and his wife had been drinking and quarrelling. O'Hare was arrested, it looked as though O'Hare should have been the house, taking his wife with him.

Patrick Kline, 60, was found burned to death at 206 Canal st., Lowell, Christmas morning. He was taken to the hospital, and died a few

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Fatalities on New York Central and Other Railroads.

Trouble on the Texas Frontier—Mrs. Sage Bounces a Blackmailer.

Disastrous Fire in Chattanooga—Notes of Other Events.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Dec. 24.—Two wrecks occurred tonight on the New York Central and Hudson River railroad.

At one, at Hastings, at least 12 persons were injured or killed.

No other, at Sing Sing, while resulting in the loss of life, caused a partial destruction of two trains and the delay of traffic several hours.

Train No. 45 left the Grand Central station at 7.30 p. m. It was heavily laden with passengers, many of whom were going home to pass Christmas day.

Half hour later, No. 7, which makes but one stop between New York and Albany, pulled out. It was also crowded with passengers. Train 45 was compelled to slow up, and finally came to a standstill when at Willow Point, because of the smash at Sing Sing.

So far as can be ascertained no precautions were taken to signal trains in the rear, for about 8.45 p. m. No. 7, crashing thundering along at 40 miles an hour, and crashed into the sleeper attached to No. 45.

This contained 18 passengers. The engine of No. 7 completely telescoped the sleeper and drove through the roof of the car.

Then the boiler exploded, and those passengers who had not been killed outright were scalded by the escaping steam. These are known to be dead:

Mr. A. N. Baldwin of East 85th st., New York city.

Thomas W. Polley, Boston.

George C. Knight, conductor of No. 45.

The injured, so far as can be learned, are: T. Murphy, Medford, N. Y., collar-bone broken, and badly scalded.

Miss C. G. Ford, New York city, scalded.

Miss E. M. Ford, New York city, scalded.

Miss Lillian Baldwin, New York city, bruised and scalded.

Homor Baldwin, New York city, bruised and scalded.

John W. Deane, 24 Lenox av., New York, badly wounded; may die.

J. W. Wright, colored porter, scalded and otherwise injured; likely to die.

It is more than probable that additions must be made to the lists of dead and wounded.

The accident was the outcome of a previous accident in the Sing Sing tunnel, which blocked the track.

NEARLY \$1,000,000 LOSS.

Great Fire in Chattanooga Starts in Crowded Dry Goods Store.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Dec. 26.—At 3 o'clock this afternoon a fire broke out in a crowded in the immense dry goods house of D. B. Loveman & Co., on the corner of Market and 8th sts., and almost simultaneously burst from the windows of the building.

The excitement was intense. About 100 girls were employed in the store, and they were wild in their efforts to escape.

An elevator shaft and stairway the flames shot, and all avenues of escape were soon cut off.

The store was crowded with ladies, and they enacted a scene that defies description.

After the stairway had been cut off, two women, Mrs. H. and Mrs. Johnson, were seen at the second-story window calling for aid.

Around them the flames leaped and the smoke billowed. The women were seen running the big extension ladder up to the window when Mrs. Johnson leaped from the place of safety into the street.

The other woman was safely taken from the burning building.

Where yesterday stood eight buildings, today there are ruins. It is feared there are several employees of the Loveman place buried under the walls. No one knows whether they are true.

The loss is estimated at \$1,000,000. The store was insured for \$1,000,000.

The fire departments were miserably managed, mismanagement being largely responsible for the spread of great calamity.

The exact loss is \$1,000,000, with nearly \$600,000 insurance.

A BLAINE BABY DISPUTE.

Mrs. James G. Jr., Seeks to Care for Her Child.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The young son of James G. Blaine, Jr., is not spending Christmas in New York, as his mother had expected. The Dakota court before which Mrs. Blaine's suit is pending, refuses to allow the child out of its jurisdiction until January 1, when the divorce suit is to be tried.

The custody of the child is a point over which the principals in the case, and others back of them, are fighting hotly.

Young Mrs. Blaine, a boy in her keeping in Dakota during her residence there, and when she came East she left him in charge of a nurse in Fargo.

A telegram came yesterday to Mrs. Blaine from Mr. McKee, informing her that the Circuit Court of Deadwood refused to allow the child to be taken out of the jurisdiction of the court.

The child is now in the custody of the court, and will remain so until the divorce suit is settled, and until such time, the dispatch said, the child must remain within the court's jurisdiction.

This information was conveyed to Mrs. Blaine when she was with her lawyer yesterday in the office of the referee, Daniel L. H. Young.

Young James G. Blaine was present. Mrs. Blaine left the office with her eyes filled with tears.

The taking of evidence in the divorce suit before Referee Lord was continued yesterday.

It was said that many days more may be occupied before all the testimony is in.

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1891.

Fatalities on New York Central and Other Railroads.

Trouble on the Texas Frontier—Mrs. Sage Bounces a Blackmailer.

Disastrous Fire in Chattanooga—Notes of Other Events.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Dec. 24.—Two wrecks occurred tonight on the New York Central and Hudson River railroad.

At one, at Hastings, at least 12 persons were injured or killed.

No other, at Sing Sing, while resulting in the loss of life, caused a partial destruction of two trains and the delay of traffic several hours.

Train No. 45 left the Grand Central station at 7.30 p. m. It was heavily laden with passengers, many of whom were going home to pass Christmas day.

Half hour later, No. 7, which makes but one stop between New York and Albany, pulled out. It was also crowded with passengers. Train 45 was compelled to slow up, and finally came to a standstill when at Willow Point, because of the smash at Sing Sing.

So far as can be ascertained no precautions were taken to signal trains in the rear, for about 8.45 p. m. No. 7, crashing thundering along at 40 miles an hour, and crashed into the sleeper attached to No. 45.

This contained 18 passengers. The engine of No. 7 completely telescoped the sleeper and drove through the roof of the car.

Then the boiler exploded, and those passengers who had not been killed outright were scalded by the escaping steam. These are known to be dead:

Mr. A. N. Baldwin of East 85th st., New York city.

Thomas W. Polley, Boston.

George C. Knight, conductor of No. 45.

The injured, so far as can be learned, are: T. Murphy, Medford, N. Y., collar-bone broken, and badly scalded.

Miss C. G. Ford, New York city, scalded.

Miss E. M. Ford, New York city, scalded.

Miss Lillian Baldwin, New York city, bruised and scalded.

Homor Baldwin, New York city, bruised and scalded.

John W. Deane, 24 Lenox av., New York, badly wounded; may die.

J. W. Wright, colored porter, scalded and otherwise injured; likely to die.

It is more than probable that additions must be made to the lists of dead and wounded.

The accident was the outcome of a previous accident in the Sing Sing tunnel, which blocked the track.

NEARLY \$1,000,000 LOSS.

Great Fire in Chattanooga Starts in Crowded Dry Goods Store.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Dec. 26.—At 3 o'clock this afternoon a fire broke out in a crowded in the immense dry goods house of D. B. Loveman & Co., on the corner of Market and 8th sts., and almost simultaneously burst from the windows of the building.

The excitement was intense. About 100 girls were employed in the store, and they were wild in their efforts to escape.

An elevator shaft and stairway the flames shot, and all avenues of escape were soon cut off.

The store was crowded with ladies, and they enacted a scene that defies description.

After the stairway had been cut off, two women, Mrs. H. and Mrs. Johnson, were seen at the second-story window calling for aid.

Around them the flames leaped and the smoke billowed. The women were seen running the big extension ladder up to the window when Mrs. Johnson leaped from the place of safety into the street.

The other woman was safely taken from the burning building.

Where yesterday stood eight buildings, today there are ruins. It is feared there are several employees of the Loveman place buried under the walls. No one knows whether they are true.

The loss is estimated at \$1,000,000. The store was insured for \$1,000,000.

The fire departments were miserably managed, mismanagement being largely responsible for the spread of great calamity.

The exact loss is \$1,000,000, with nearly \$600,000 insurance.

A BLAINE BABY DISPUTE.

Mrs. James G. Jr., Seeks to Care for Her Child.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The young son of James G. Blaine, Jr., is not spending Christmas in New York, as his mother had expected. The Dakota court before which Mrs. Blaine's suit is pending, refuses to allow the child out of its jurisdiction until January 1, when the divorce suit is to be tried.

The custody of the child is a point over which the principals in the case, and others back of them, are fighting hotly.

Young Mrs. Blaine, a boy in her keeping in Dakota during her residence there, and when she came East she left him in charge of a nurse in Fargo.

A telegram came yesterday to Mrs. Blaine from Mr. McKee, informing her that the Circuit Court of Deadwood refused to allow the child to be taken out of the jurisdiction of the court.

The child is now in the custody of the court, and will remain so until the divorce suit is settled, and until such time, the dispatch said, the child must remain within the court's jurisdiction.

This information was conveyed to Mrs. Blaine when she was with her lawyer yesterday in the office of the referee, Daniel L. H. Young.

Young James G. Blaine was present. Mrs. Blaine left the office with her eyes filled with tears.

The taking of evidence in the divorce suit before Referee Lord was continued yesterday.

It was said that many days more may be occupied before all the testimony is in.

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1891.

Fatalities on New York Central and Other Railroads.

Trouble on the Texas Frontier—Mrs. Sage Bounces a Blackmailer.

Disastrous Fire in Chattanooga—Notes of Other Events.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Dec. 24.—Two wrecks occurred tonight on the New York Central and Hudson River railroad.

At one, at Hastings, at least 12 persons were injured or killed.

No other, at Sing Sing, while resulting in the loss of life, caused a partial destruction of two trains and the delay of traffic several hours.

Train No. 45 left the Grand Central station at 7.30 p. m. It was heavily laden with passengers, many of whom were going home to pass Christmas day.

Half hour later, No. 7, which makes but one stop between New York and Albany, pulled out. It was also crowded with passengers. Train 45 was compelled to slow up, and finally came to a standstill when at Willow Point, because of the smash at Sing Sing.

So far as can be ascertained no precautions were taken to signal trains in the rear, for about 8.45 p. m. No. 7, crashing thundering along at 40 miles an hour, and crashed into the sleeper attached to No. 45.

This contained 18 passengers. The engine of No. 7 completely telescoped the sleeper and drove through the roof of the car.

Then the boiler exploded, and those passengers who had not been killed outright were scalded by the escaping steam. These are known to be dead:

Mr. A. N. Baldwin of East 85th st., New York city.

Thomas W. Polley, Boston.

George C. Knight, conductor of No. 45.

The injured, so far as can be learned, are: T. Murphy, Medford, N. Y., collar-bone broken, and badly scalded.

Miss C. G. Ford, New York city, scalded.

Miss E. M. Ford, New York city, scalded.

Miss Lillian Baldwin, New York city, bruised and scalded.

Homor Baldwin, New York city, bruised and scalded.

John W. Deane, 24 Lenox av., New York, badly wounded; may die.

J. W. Wright, colored porter, scalded and otherwise injured; likely to die.

It is more than probable that additions must be made to the lists of dead and wounded.

The accident was the outcome of a previous accident in the Sing Sing tunnel, which blocked the track.

NEARLY \$1,000,000 LOSS.

Great Fire in Chattanooga Starts in Crowded Dry Goods Store.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Dec. 26.—At 3 o'clock this afternoon a fire broke out in a crowded in the immense dry goods house of D. B. Loveman & Co., on the corner of Market and 8th sts., and almost simultaneously burst from the windows of the building.

The excitement was intense. About 100 girls were employed in the store, and they were wild in their efforts to escape.

An elevator shaft and stairway the flames shot, and all avenues of escape were soon cut off.

The store was crowded with ladies, and they enacted a scene that defies description.

After the stairway had been cut off, two women, Mrs. H. and Mrs. Johnson, were seen at the second-story window calling for aid.

Around them the flames leaped and the smoke billowed. The women were seen running the big extension ladder up to the window when Mrs. Johnson leaped from the place of safety into the street.

The other woman was safely taken from the burning building.

Where yesterday stood eight buildings, today there are ruins. It is feared there are several employees of the Loveman place buried under the walls. No one knows whether they are true.

The loss is estimated at \$1,000,000. The store was insured for \$1,000,000.

The fire departments were miserably managed, mismanagement being largely responsible for the spread of great calamity.

The exact loss is \$1,000,000, with nearly \$600,000 insurance.

A BLAINE BABY DISPUTE.

Mrs. James G. Jr., Seeks to Care for Her Child.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The young son of James G. Blaine, Jr., is not spending Christmas in New York, as his mother had expected. The Dakota court before which Mrs. Blaine's suit is pending, refuses to allow the child out of its jurisdiction until January 1, when the divorce suit is to be tried.

The custody of the child is a point over which the principals in the case, and others back of them, are fighting hotly.

Young Mrs. Blaine, a boy in her keeping in Dakota during her residence there, and when she came East she left him in charge of a nurse in Fargo.

A telegram came yesterday to Mrs. Blaine from Mr. McKee, informing her that the Circuit Court of Deadwood refused to allow the child to be taken out of the jurisdiction of the court.

The child is now in the custody of the court, and will remain so until the divorce suit is settled, and until such time, the dispatch said, the child must remain within the court's jurisdiction.

This information was conveyed to Mrs. Blaine when she was with her lawyer yesterday in the office of the referee, Daniel L. H. Young.

Young James G. Blaine was present. Mrs. Blaine left the office with her eyes filled with tears.

The taking of evidence in the divorce suit before Referee Lord was continued yesterday.

It was said that many days more may be occupied before all the testimony is in.

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1891.

Fatalities on New York Central and Other Railroads.

Trouble on the Texas Frontier—Mrs. Sage Bounces a Blackmailer.

Disastrous Fire in Chattanooga—Notes of Other Events.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Dec. 24.—Two wrecks occurred tonight on the New York Central and Hudson River railroad.

At one, at Hastings, at least 12 persons were injured or killed.

No other, at Sing Sing, while resulting in the loss of life, caused a partial destruction of two trains and the delay of traffic several hours.

Train No. 45 left the Grand Central station at 7.30 p. m. It was heavily laden with passengers, many of whom were going home to pass Christmas day.

Half hour later, No. 7, which makes but one stop between New York and Albany, pulled out. It was also crowded with passengers. Train 45 was compelled to slow up, and finally came to a standstill when at Willow Point, because of the smash at Sing Sing.

So far as can be ascertained no precautions were taken to signal trains in the rear, for about 8.45 p. m. No. 7, crashing thundering along at 40 miles an hour, and crashed into the sleeper attached to No. 45.

This contained 18 passengers. The engine of No. 7 completely telescoped the sleeper and drove through the roof of the car.

Then the boiler exploded, and those passengers who had not been killed outright were scalded by the escaping steam. These are known to be dead:

Mr. A. N. Baldwin of East 85th st., New York city.

Thomas W. Polley, Boston.

George C. Knight, conductor of No. 45.

The injured, so far as can be learned, are: T. Murphy, Medford, N. Y., collar-bone broken, and badly scalded.

Miss C. G. Ford, New York city, scalded.

Miss E. M. Ford, New York city, scalded.

Miss Lillian Baldwin, New York city, bruised and scalded.

Homor Baldwin, New York city, bruised and scalded.

John W. Deane, 24 Lenox av., New York, badly wounded; may die.

J. W. Wright, colored porter, scalded and otherwise injured; likely to die.

It is more than probable that additions must be made to the lists of dead and wounded.

The accident was the outcome of a previous accident in the Sing Sing tunnel, which blocked the track.

NEARLY \$1,000,000 LOSS.

Great Fire in Chattanooga Starts in Crowded Dry Goods Store.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Dec. 26.—At 3 o'clock this afternoon a fire broke out in a crowded in the immense dry goods house of D. B. Loveman & Co., on the corner of Market and 8th sts., and almost simultaneously burst from the windows of the building.

The excitement was intense. About 100 girls were employed in the store, and they were wild in their efforts to escape.

An elevator shaft and stairway the flames shot, and all avenues of escape were soon cut off.

The store was crowded with ladies, and they enacted a scene that defies description.

After the stairway had been cut off, two women, Mrs. H. and Mrs. Johnson, were seen at the second-story window calling for aid.

Around them the flames leaped and the smoke billowed. The women were seen running the big extension ladder up to the window when Mrs. Johnson leaped from the place of safety into the street.

The other woman was safely taken from the burning building.

Where yesterday stood eight buildings, today there are ruins. It is feared there are several employees of the Loveman place buried under the walls. No one knows whether they are true.

The loss is estimated at \$1,000,000. The store was insured for \$1,000,000.

The fire departments were miserably managed, mismanagement being largely responsible for the spread of great calamity.

The exact loss is \$1,000,000, with nearly \$600,000 insurance.

A BLAINE BABY DISPUTE.

Mrs. James G. Jr., Seeks to Care for Her Child.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The young son of James G. Blaine, Jr., is not spending Christmas in New York, as his mother had expected. The Dakota court before which Mrs. Blaine's suit is pending, refuses to allow the child out of its jurisdiction until January 1, when the divorce suit is to be tried.

The custody of the child is a point over which the principals in the case, and others back of them, are fighting hotly.

Young Mrs. Blaine, a boy in her keeping in Dakota during her residence there, and when she came East she left him in charge of a nurse in Fargo.

A telegram came yesterday to Mrs. Blaine from Mr. McKee, informing her that the Circuit Court of Deadwood refused to allow the child to be taken out of the jurisdiction of the court.

The child is now in the custody of the court, and will remain so until the divorce suit is settled, and until such time, the dispatch said, the child must remain within the court's jurisdiction.

This information was conveyed to Mrs. Blaine when she was with her lawyer yesterday in the office of the referee, Daniel L. H. Young.

Young James G. Blaine was present. Mrs. Blaine left the office with her eyes filled with tears.

The taking of evidence in the divorce suit before Referee Lord was continued yesterday.

It was said that many days more may be occupied before all the testimony is in.

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1891.

Fatalities on New York Central and Other Railroads.

Trouble on the Texas Frontier—Mrs. Sage Bounces a Blackmailer.

Disastrous Fire in Chattanooga—Notes of Other Events.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Dec. 24.—Two wrecks occurred tonight on the New York Central and Hudson River railroad.

At one, at Hastings, at least 12 persons were injured or killed.

No other, at Sing Sing, while resulting in the loss of life, caused a partial destruction of two trains and the delay of traffic several hours.

Train No. 45 left the Grand Central station at 7.30 p. m. It was heavily laden with passengers, many of whom were going home to pass Christmas day.

Half hour later, No. 7, which makes but one stop between New York and Albany, pulled out. It was also crowded with passengers. Train 45 was compelled to slow up, and finally came to a standstill when at Willow Point, because of the smash at Sing Sing.

So far as can be ascertained no precautions were taken to signal trains in the rear, for about 8.45 p. m. No. 7, crashing thundering along at 40 miles an hour, and crashed into the sleeper attached to No. 45.

This contained 18 passengers. The engine of No. 7 completely telescoped the sleeper and drove through the roof of the car.

Then the boiler exploded, and those passengers who had not been killed outright were scalded by the escaping steam. These are known to be dead:

Mr. A. N. Baldwin of East 85th st., New York city.

Thomas W. Polley, Boston.

George C. Knight, conductor of No. 45.

The injured, so far as can be learned, are: T. Murphy, Medford, N. Y., collar-bone broken, and badly scalded.

Miss C. G. Ford, New York city, scalded.

Miss E. M. Ford, New York city, scalded.

Miss Lillian Baldwin, New York city, bruised and scalded.

Homor Baldwin, New York city, bruised and scalded.

John W. Deane, 24 Lenox av., New York, badly wounded; may die.

J. W. Wright, colored porter, scalded and otherwise injured; likely to die.

HOWARD'S LETTER.

Coarseness and Pruriency Scathingly Denounced.

How the Pulpit Fails to Deal with Moral Infidelities of the Day.

A "Dirty Frenchman" the Text for Some Pointed Remarks.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Our children are the hope of the Republic. Every father, proud of his son, every mother, contented as she looks at her daughter, recognizes the fact that the rising generation ought to be not only more accomplished, because of the new channels opened up for instruction and study, but also more substantially grounded in the moral truths, because of better opportunities to study mankind the world about.

Obviously the education of our children, then, is a matter which should take hold upon our patriotism, as well as upon our love of satisfaction.

Our children belong to us, we say. Surely we treat them as though they were our personal property. Our religious views are drilled into them; our social prejudices are made part and parcel of their early training. We decide what schools they shall attend, what branches of learning they shall pursue, and very often mothers select the life-long partners of their daughters, as fathers decide what time of life the boy shall in his business career adopt.

Are we true to our duty in this respect? Is it unmanly, or doubtless all old-fashioned people were, to read the other day that one of our "select" families had invited a French stranger to entertain a group of elderly ladies and gentlemen, and that the unmarried, with songs of double meaning. The family stands well; that is, it is respectable, moves among the select, and is very rich.

Yet you have been to Paris and have seen the Frenchmen of this particular class go through their entertainments you know well enough what they do.

The More Risque the Verse.

the more suggestive the gesture, the wilder the applause and the louder the acclaim.

It cannot touch pitch, and not be defiled, you cannot rub elbows with a chiney sweep and not be soiled, you cannot listen to dirty stories and preserve the delicacy of your nature, you cannot rehearse epigrams without finding yourself more or less tainted.

You and I who have moved about life's circles many years, seeing pretty much everything, hearing it all, and not being patient to a degree perhaps not entirely justifiable, know that this means to us; what, then, must it mean to our sons and what to our daughters?

Is it within your possible conception that you would deliberately send your daughter in a public hall, where this fellows' grins would make her blush, where his remarks, unattended by any sense, would be a quick-witted American girl, tell the dirtiest possible story; where, if she be at all familiar with the French language, she would hear combinations of words which might mean anything, but which were intended to convey another?

"You know you can't. You know you wouldn't take your daughter to such a place."

That being conceded, what would be thought of you if you were to invite one of the cleverest of his class, one of the dirtiest of his race, one of the shrewdest manipulators of human passions, to your home, presenting him to your daughter, allowing him to shake the hand of your wife, and not content with defiling your own nest, should seek the young girls of your acquaintance and have them there?

Enjoy the Muck Heap

you had deliberately put in your drawing-room. What! say, would you think of your self if you did it? Yet that is what is done here.

Some one, it would seem to me, ought to hold this of this new social development, this hitting below the belt of honest existence.

The Pulpit!

On, never, never, never, never! I don't know what the matter with our friends, the reverend clergy, but they don't seem to take much stock in the affairs of this world.

They dream and speculate and meander off into the back woods of idealism, and are busy with not over strong pinions into the upper atmosphere of guesswork about the worlds to come.

They like to bombard Judas, who betrays his Master, they like to denounce the infidelities of the Sadducees and the Pharisees. Nothing gratifies them more than to work in a few historical references to bloody Mary, but a consideration of what immediately follows, and they are satisfied.

It was the habit some 30 years ago for divines—queer term that—to enter the realm of political discussion.

On one side the good old ministers used to preach to the people, to the "peasants, masters," that slavery was right, that the lords of the South were entirely justified in their domination of the slaves. On the other hand the divines of the North, the sturdy, hammer-hammered pulpits to prove the inhumanity to man which characterized the conduct of their Southern brethren and opponents.

With that exception can you recall a clergyman who within the past 20 years has dealt literally with the sins of his own parish?

Do you suppose the fashionable preacher in the fashionable church, to which this fashionable family goes with fashionable pews every Sunday, will dare hold the mirror of

Parental Infidelity

before his people?

Will he dare point and say, "Thou art the man!"

Herod, in his wrath and apprehension, physically slew the children of Judea.

These people are doing what is infinitely worse; they are destroying the moral, the nervous texture of their children's souls.

He who comes and throws a bottle of ink upon the exterior walls of your dwelling is a miserable wretch; he is destroying the moral, the nervous texture of your dwelling; he is polluting—how much worse, how infinitely more degraded he would be!

So that while Herod in his fear obeyed the dictates of his passion and destroyed with one fell swoop the children of the hour, although bad, was as nothing in comparison to these thoughtless—let us be charitable enough to say these thoughtless—parents, who deliberately soil the purity, who deliberately render a bluish imposture upon the faces of their children.

To such as are the preachers of the times, have a duty obvious, clear cut and unobscured.

It should be the mission of the church to protect, first, last and all the time, the children of the church from the influence of the world.

There is but one way to protect our children, and that is for the parents to be careful in their own living, to be particularly cautious in their own example and above all to see to it that no extraneous dirt, no immoral corruption, no species of vicious suggestion is brought into the home by their instrumentality or with their consent.

How, then, about the press?

There is no question as to the

Duty of the Press.

Sensible men view with utter horror the present condition of a large portion of the more successful journals of the day. There is no pretence of wide-horizoned influence, there is no suggestion of any desire to uplift the race; it is a mere matter of dollars and cents.

This paper has a tremendous circulation, is overwhelmed with advertisements, and divides so much money every year, that it is a wonder how it can be so small a creature, and a less number of advertisements, and divides

FOREIGN NEWS.

Darkness Adds to London's List of Evils.

Princess "May" Chooses Bridesmaids for the Royal Wedding.

LONDON, Dec. 28.—This dreariest of Christmas weather finds nearly every household with somebody ill in bed.

Infuenza has again become epidemic, and the death rate has rolled up enormously.

London has been enveloped for days in a dense fog. The railway service has been completely disorganized, even express trains being delayed for four to five hours, and the time tables have been altogether discarded.

Everything has been run in a gas-vapour atmosphere. The Channel boats, both as to Dover and Holyhead, have not been able to cross.

The stations are blocked with freight and angry passengers.

The street traffic in London has been impossible. The houses could not run and money would not tempt the cabmen to venture out.

No body can tell how many people, who took their way in the fog, were killed or injured. The fog was so dense that it was impossible to see more than a few feet ahead. It was not until about midnight that the fog began to lift, and then it was found that not fewer than eight bodies of people accidentally drowned were recovered in one day.

Buildings were allowed to burn, and many already being burned down, and the fire engines were not allowed to leave their stations.

Not was the strygan darkness confined to London. All England seems to have been enveloped in it. The City of Paris was at anchor for nine hours before she dared to venture out of the Mersey.

Patti, who sailed with Nicolai and Arditi, came very near missing the steamer.

The City of Paris got away from Queens-town before the Germanic reached there with her broken crank and shaft, so that all the Germanic's passengers were obliged to disembark at Queens-town for another steamer.

Nearly 1000 bags of American mail were lost on the Germanic, and the City of Paris, which was to have carried the mail, was not allowed to leave the harbor until the Germanic was safely at sea.

The City of Paris was at anchor for nine hours before she dared to venture out of the Mersey.

Patti, who sailed with Nicolai and Arditi, came very near missing the steamer.

The City of Paris got away from Queens-town before the Germanic reached there with her broken crank and shaft, so that all the Germanic's passengers were obliged to disembark at Queens-town for another steamer.

Nearly 1000 bags of American mail were lost on the Germanic, and the City of Paris, which was to have carried the mail, was not allowed to leave the harbor until the Germanic was safely at sea.

TOOTER BET HIS ULSTER.

Thompson-Street Poker Club Resumes Business.

Mr. Williams Encounters a Snag in a "Gentleman's Game."

Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith Makes This the Subject of a Powerful Moral.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

Important It True.

New York, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS

FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN

Established 1868

An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents the hair from falling out, and causes it to grow thick, soft and beautiful. Infinitely superior to any hair dressing ever used. Cleanses, nourishes, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, etc.

At all drug stores or by Mail, 50 cts.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., New York.

LIVED ON MORNING DEW.

Capt. George Parker of the Lost Bark Gen. Butler Tells of the Sufferings and Probable Death of Some of His Crew.

Capt. George A. Parker of the ill-fated bark Gen. Butler, which was lost in the Pacific, arrived in Boston last night from New York, and, as considerable interest was manifested by his many friends on his arrival, he gave a brief review of the loss of the vessel and the missing boat's crew.

"Oregon pine logs are not a very desirable cargo," said the captain. "I was a member of the crew, and I was on the bark 'Frisco' in ballast; so I took on board 900,000 feet of spars, much of which was a dead load."

"On the 23d of this month we encountered a severe southeast gale which caused the bark to roll so heavily that I concluded to cut away the dead load, but during the time we were freeing the vessel of it, the sea increased and the heavy seas that broke over the deck shifted the cargo overboard, and the bark was wrecked on the rocks and the missing boat's crew."

"The work of the pumps was of no avail, and the bark was forced to abandon the cargo, and after the two long boats were launched she rolled over on her side, and we were all drowned."

"I sent our boat overboard before we had time to get food and water."

"I had with me Seaman Otto Hansen, D. Canar and Seaman D. Johnson, Tom Logan of Sacramento and Kintaro Mori, the Japanese cabin boy."

"The two long boats were Mate Willoughby and Seamen F. G. Tablowyuk of Russia, H. Seaman of Japan, and Seaman K. Kimondsen of Japan."

"Soon after we rowed away the bark rolled over on her side, and we were all drowned."

"I saw the bark as near our vessel as I dared, while the mate's boat was rowed away, but only for a few minutes."

"Since that time I have not seen the mate and for three days we subsisted by licking the morning dew off the rocks and eating tar-paulins."

"I had a compass and chronometer, and I had saved this position of the vessel at the time of the disaster we rowed for three days, where we landed, much exhausted."

"After a short rest we took our march for Empire City, and on the 28th we arrived on shore."

"After four days of hard tramping we reached Empire City, and I never felt so good as I did at that time. We were all very much exhausted, but we were all very much refreshed by the food and water we found at Empire City."

"We remained with the lightkeeper one week, and then we went to Empire City, and the Stockfield of the steamer Del Norte brought us to 'Frisco.'"

Not Very Encouraging.

(Truth.)

Maudie—Are you going to hang up your stockings Christmas morning?

Gus—No, I've had to hang up my dress suit and all overcoat, but I think the governor will send me a remittance before it gets as bad as that.

The Big Taxpayer.

(Pack.)

Mr. Furnish—Roomie—What is that portly man who makes such a bluster about being a heavy taxpayer?

Mr. E. Very May—He's the owner of about 40 houses, and raises his rent on each 50 cents every time the taxes go up 25 cents.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Our children are the hope of the Republic. Every father, proud of his son, every mother, contented as she looks at her daughter, recognizes the fact that the rising generation ought to be not only more accomplished, because of the new channels opened up for instruction and study, but also more substantially grounded in the moral truths, because of better opportunities to study mankind the world about.

Obviously the education of our children, then, is a matter which should take hold upon our patriotism, as well as upon our love of satisfaction.

Our children belong to us, we say. Surely we treat them as though they were our personal property. Our religious views are drilled into them; our social prejudices are made part and parcel of their early training. We decide what schools they shall attend, what branches of learning they shall pursue, and very often mothers select the life-long partners of their daughters, as fathers decide what time of life the boy shall in his business career adopt.

Are we true to our duty in this respect? Is it unmanly, or doubtless all old-fashioned people were, to read the other day that one of our "select" families had invited a French stranger to entertain a group of elderly ladies and gentlemen, and that the unmarried, with songs of double meaning. The family stands well; that is, it is respectable, moves among the select, and is very rich.

Yet you have been to Paris and have seen the Frenchmen of this particular class go through their entertainments you know well enough what they do.

The More Risque the Verse.

the more suggestive the gesture, the wilder the applause and the louder the acclaim.

It cannot touch pitch, and not be defiled, you cannot rub elbows with a chiney sweep and not be soiled, you cannot listen to dirty stories and preserve the delicacy of your nature, you cannot rehearse epigrams without finding yourself more or less tainted.

You and I who have moved about life's circles many years, seeing pretty much everything, hearing it all, and not being patient to a degree perhaps not entirely justifiable, know that this means to us; what, then, must it mean to our sons and what to our daughters?

Is it within your possible conception that you would deliberately send your daughter in a public hall, where this fellows' grins would make her blush, where his remarks, unattended by any sense, would be a quick-witted American girl, tell the dirtiest possible story; where, if she be at all familiar with the French language, she would hear combinations of words which might mean anything, but which were intended to convey another?

"You know you can't. You know you wouldn't take your daughter to such a place."

That being conceded, what would be thought of you if you were to invite one of the cleverest of his class, one of the dirtiest of his race, one of the shrewdest manipulators of human passions, to your home, presenting him to your daughter, allowing him to shake the hand of your wife, and not content with defiling your own nest, should seek the young girls of your acquaintance and have them there?

Enjoy the Muck Heap

you had deliberately put in your drawing-room. What! say, would you think of your self if you did it? Yet that is what is done here.

Some one, it would seem to me, ought to hold this of this new social development, this hitting below the belt of honest existence.

The Pulpit!

On, never, never, never, never! I don't know what the matter with our friends, the reverend clergy, but they don't seem to take much stock in the affairs of this world.

They dream and speculate and meander off into the back woods of idealism, and are busy with not over strong pinions into the upper atmosphere of guesswork about the worlds to come.

They like to bombard Judas, who betrays his Master, they like to denounce the infidelities of the Sadducees and the Pharisees. Nothing gratifies them more than to work in a few historical references to bloody Mary, but a consideration of what immediately follows, and they are satisfied.

It was the habit some 30 years ago for divines—queer term that—to enter the realm of political discussion.

On one side the good old ministers used to preach to the people, to the "peasants, masters," that slavery was right, that the lords of the South were entirely justified in their domination of the slaves. On the other hand the divines of the North, the sturdy, hammer-hammered pulpits to prove the inhumanity to man which characterized the conduct of their Southern brethren and opponents.

With that exception can you recall a clergyman who within the past 20 years has dealt literally with the sins of his own parish?

Do you suppose the fashionable preacher in the fashionable church, to which this fashionable family goes with fashionable pews every Sunday, will dare hold the mirror of

Parental Infidelity

before his people?

Will he dare point and say, "Thou art the man!"

Herod, in his wrath and apprehension, physically slew the children of Judea.

These people are doing what is infinitely worse; they are destroying the moral, the nervous texture of their children's souls.

He who comes and throws a bottle of ink upon the exterior walls of your dwelling is a miserable wretch; he is destroying the moral, the nervous texture of your dwelling; he is polluting—how much worse, how infinitely more degraded he would be!

So that while Herod in his fear obeyed the dictates of his passion and destroyed with one fell swoop the children of the hour, although bad, was as nothing in comparison to these thoughtless—let us be charitable enough to say these thoughtless—parents, who deliberately soil the purity, who deliberately render a bluish imposture upon the faces of their children.

To such as are the preachers of the times, have a duty obvious, clear cut and unobscured.

It should be the mission of the church to protect, first, last and all the time, the children of the church from the influence of the world.

There is but one way to protect our children, and that is for the parents to be careful in their own living, to be particularly cautious in their own example and above all to see to it that no extraneous dirt, no immoral corruption, no species of vicious suggestion is brought into the home by their instrumentality or with their consent.

How, then, about the press?

There is no question as to the

Duty of the Press.

Sensible men view with utter horror the present condition of a large portion of the more successful journals of the day. There is no pretence of wide-horizoned influence, there is no suggestion of any desire to uplift the race; it is a mere matter of dollars and cents.

This paper has a tremendous circulation, is overwhelmed with advertisements, and divides so much money every year, that it is a wonder how it can be so small a creature, and a less number of advertisements, and divides

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

Important It True.

New York, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

Important It True.

New York, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

Important It True.

New York, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Our children are the hope of the Republic. Every father, proud of his son, every mother, contented as she looks at her daughter, recognizes the fact that the rising generation ought to be not only more accomplished, because of the new channels opened up for instruction and study, but also more substantially grounded in the moral truths, because of better opportunities to study mankind the world about.

Obviously the education of our children, then, is a matter which should take hold upon our patriotism, as well as upon our love of satisfaction.

Our children belong to us, we say. Surely we treat them as though they were our personal property. Our religious views are drilled into them; our social prejudices are made part and parcel of their early training. We decide what schools they shall attend, what branches of learning they shall pursue, and very often mothers select the life-long partners of their daughters, as fathers decide what time of life the boy shall in his business career adopt.

Are we true to our duty in this respect? Is it unmanly, or doubtless all old-fashioned people were, to read the other day that one of our "select" families had invited a French stranger to entertain a group of elderly ladies and gentlemen, and that the unmarried, with songs of double meaning. The family stands well; that is, it is respectable, moves among the select, and is very rich.

Yet you have been to Paris and have seen the Frenchmen of this particular class go through their entertainments you know well enough what they do.

The More Risque the Verse.

the more suggestive the gesture, the wilder the applause and the louder the acclaim.

It cannot touch pitch, and not be defiled, you cannot rub elbows with a chiney sweep and not be soiled, you cannot listen to dirty stories and preserve the delicacy of your nature, you cannot rehearse epigrams without finding yourself more or less tainted.

You and I who have moved about life's circles many years, seeing pretty much everything, hearing it all, and not being patient to a degree perhaps not entirely justifiable, know that this means to us; what, then, must it mean to our sons and what to our daughters?

Is it within your possible conception that you would deliberately send your daughter in a public hall, where this fellows' grins would make her blush, where his remarks, unattended by any sense, would be a quick-witted American girl, tell the dirtiest possible story; where, if she be at all familiar with the French language, she would hear combinations of words which might mean anything, but which were intended to convey another?

"You know you can't. You know you wouldn't take your daughter to such a place."

That being conceded, what would be thought of you if you were to invite one of the cleverest of his class, one of the dirtiest of his race, one of the shrewdest manipulators of human passions, to your home, presenting him to your daughter, allowing him to shake the hand of your wife, and not content with defiling your own nest, should seek the young girls of your acquaintance and have them there?

Enjoy the Muck Heap

you had deliberately put in your drawing-room. What! say, would you think of your self if you did it? Yet that is what is done here.

Some one, it would seem to me, ought to hold this of this new social development, this hitting below the belt of honest existence.

The Pulpit!

On, never, never, never, never! I don't know what the matter with our friends, the reverend clergy, but they don't seem to take much stock in the affairs of this world.

They dream and speculate and meander off into the back woods of idealism, and are busy with not over strong pinions into the upper atmosphere of guesswork about the worlds to come.

They like to bombard Judas, who betrays his Master, they like to denounce the infidelities of the Sadducees and the Pharisees. Nothing gratifies them more than to work in a few historical references to bloody Mary, but a consideration of what immediately follows, and they are satisfied.

It was the habit some 30 years ago for divines—queer term that—to enter the realm of political discussion.

On one side the good old ministers used to preach to the people, to the "peasants, masters," that slavery was right, that the lords of the South were entirely justified in their domination of the slaves. On the other hand the divines of the North, the sturdy, hammer-hammered pulpits to prove the inhumanity to man which characterized the conduct of their Southern brethren and opponents.

With that exception can you recall a clergyman who within the past 20 years has dealt literally with the sins of his own parish?

Do you suppose the fashionable preacher in the fashionable church, to which this fashionable family goes with fashionable pews every Sunday, will dare hold the mirror of

Parental Infidelity

before his people?

Will he dare point and say, "Thou art the man!"

Herod, in his wrath and apprehension, physically slew the children of Judea.

These people are doing what is infinitely worse; they are destroying the moral, the nervous texture of their children's souls.

He who comes and throws a bottle of ink upon the exterior walls of your dwelling is a miserable wretch; he is destroying the moral, the nervous texture of your dwelling; he is polluting—how much worse, how infinitely more degraded he would be!

So that while Herod in his fear obeyed the dictates of his passion and destroyed with one fell swoop the children of the hour, although bad, was as nothing in comparison to these thoughtless—let us be charitable enough to say these thoughtless—parents, who deliberately soil the purity, who deliberately render a bluish imposture upon the faces of their children.

To such as are the preachers of the times, have a duty obvious, clear cut and unobscured.

It should be the mission of the church to protect, first, last and all the time, the children of the church from the influence of the world.

There is but one way to protect our children, and that is for the parents to be careful in their own living, to be particularly cautious in their own example and above all to see to it that no extraneous dirt, no immoral corruption, no species of vicious suggestion is brought into the home by their instrumentality or with their consent.

How, then, about the press?

There is no question as to the

Duty of the Press.

Sensible men view with utter horror the present condition of a large portion of the more successful journals of the day. There is no pretence of wide-horizoned influence, there is no suggestion of any desire to uplift the race; it is a mere matter of dollars and cents.

This paper has a tremendous circulation, is overwhelmed with advertisements, and divides so much money every year, that it is a wonder how it can be so small a creature, and a less number of advertisements, and divides

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

Important It True.

New York, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

Important It True.

New York, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

Important It True.

New York, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Our children are the hope of the Republic. Every father, proud of his son, every mother, contented as she looks at her daughter, recognizes the fact that the rising generation ought to be not only more accomplished, because of the new channels opened up for instruction and study, but also more substantially grounded in the moral truths, because of better opportunities to study mankind the world about.

Obviously the education of our children, then, is a matter which should take hold upon our patriotism, as well as upon our love of satisfaction.

Our children belong to us, we say. Surely we treat them as though they were our personal property. Our religious views are drilled into them; our social prejudices are made part and parcel of their early training. We decide what schools they shall attend, what branches of learning they shall pursue, and very often mothers select the life-long partners of their daughters, as fathers decide what time of life the boy shall in his business career adopt.

Are we true to our duty in this respect? Is it unmanly, or doubtless all old-fashioned people were, to read the other day that one of our "select" families had invited a French stranger to entertain a group of elderly ladies and gentlemen, and that the unmarried, with songs of double meaning. The family stands well; that is, it is respectable, moves among the select, and is very rich.

Yet you have been to Paris and have seen the Frenchmen of this particular class go through their entertainments you know well enough what they do.

The More Risque the Verse.

the more suggestive the gesture, the wilder the applause and the louder the acclaim.

It cannot touch pitch, and not be defiled, you cannot rub elbows with a chiney sweep and not be soiled, you cannot listen to dirty stories and preserve the delicacy of your nature, you cannot rehearse epigrams without finding yourself more or less tainted.

You and I who have moved about life's circles many years, seeing pretty much everything, hearing it all, and not being patient to a degree perhaps not entirely justifiable, know that this means to us; what, then, must it mean to our sons and what to our daughters?

Is it within your possible conception that you would deliberately send your daughter in a public hall, where this fellows' grins would make her blush, where his remarks, unattended by any sense, would be a quick-witted American girl, tell the dirtiest possible story; where, if she be at all familiar with the French language, she would hear combinations of words which might mean anything, but which were intended to convey another?

"You know you can't. You know you wouldn't take your daughter to such a place."

That being conceded, what would be thought of you if you were to invite one of the cleverest of his class, one of the dirtiest of his race, one of the shrewdest manipulators of human passions, to your home, presenting him to your daughter, allowing him to shake the hand of your wife, and not content with defiling your own nest, should seek the young girls of your acquaintance and have them there?

Enjoy the Muck Heap

you had deliberately put in your drawing-room. What! say, would you think of your self if you did it? Yet that is what is done here.

Some one, it would seem to me, ought to hold this of this new social development, this hitting below the belt of honest existence.

The Pulpit!

On, never, never, never, never! I don't know what the matter with our friends, the reverend clergy, but they don't seem to take much stock in the affairs of this world.

They dream and speculate and meander off into the back woods of idealism, and are busy with not over strong pinions into the upper atmosphere of guesswork about the worlds to come.

They like to bombard Judas, who betrays his Master, they like to denounce the infidelities of the Sadducees and the Pharisees. Nothing gratifies them more than to work in a few historical references to bloody Mary, but a consideration of what immediately follows, and they are satisfied.

It was the habit some 30 years ago for divines—queer term that—to enter the realm of political discussion.

On one side the good old ministers used to preach to the people, to the "peasants, masters," that slavery was right, that the lords of the South were entirely justified in their domination of the slaves. On the other hand the divines of the North, the sturdy, hammer-hammered pulpits to prove the inhumanity to man which characterized the conduct of their Southern brethren and opponents.

With that exception can you recall a clergyman who within the past 20 years has dealt literally with the sins of his own parish?

Do you suppose the fashionable preacher in the fashionable church, to which this fashionable family goes with fashionable pews every Sunday, will dare hold the mirror of

Parental Infidelity

before his people?

Will he dare point and say, "Thou art the man!"

Herod, in his wrath and apprehension, physically slew the children of Judea.

These people are doing what is infinitely worse; they are destroying the moral, the nervous texture of their children's souls.

He who comes and throws a bottle of ink upon the exterior walls of your dwelling is a miserable wretch; he is destroying the moral, the nervous texture of your dwelling; he is polluting—how much worse, how infinitely more degraded he would be!

So that while Herod in his fear obeyed the dictates of his passion and destroyed with one fell swoop the children of the hour, although bad, was as nothing in comparison to these thoughtless—let us be charitable enough to say these thoughtless—parents, who deliberately soil the purity, who deliberately render a bluish imposture upon the faces of their children.

To such as are the preachers of the times, have a duty obvious, clear cut and unobscured.

It should be the mission of the church to protect, first, last and all the time, the children of the church from the influence of the world.

There is but one way to protect our children, and that is for the parents to be careful in their own living, to be particularly cautious in their own example and above all to see to it that no extraneous dirt, no immoral corruption, no species of vicious suggestion is brought into the home by their instrumentality or with their consent.

How, then, about the press?

There is no question as to the

Duty of the Press.

Sensible men view with utter horror the present condition of a large portion of the more successful journals of the day. There is no pretence of wide-horizoned influence, there is no suggestion of any desire to uplift the race; it is a mere matter of dollars and cents.

This paper has a tremendous circulation, is overwhelmed with advertisements, and divides so much money every year, that it is a wonder how it can be so small a creature, and a less number of advertisements, and divides

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

Important It True.

New York, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

Important It True.

New York, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

Important It True.

New York, Dec. 28.—The Evening Post, in its editorial columns, today in a column, and we believe it to be a fact, that the government of Chili expressed, without delay, in fitting terms its regret for the lamentable loss of the streets of Valparaiso, in which the sailors of the Baltimore were engaged, and where one of them was killed. This expression of regret, we understand, was communicated to Minister Egan, but was not transmitted by him by cablegram to Valparaiso, and it is not until yesterday by mail, if this information is correct, it relieves the situation at once.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Our children are the hope of the Republic. Every father, proud of his son, every mother, contented as she looks at her daughter, recognizes the fact that the rising generation ought to be not only more accomplished, because of the new channels opened up for instruction and study, but also more substantially grounded in the moral truths, because of better opportunities to study mankind the world about.

Obviously the education of our children, then, is a matter which should take hold upon our patriotism, as well as upon our love of satisfaction.

Our children belong to us, we say. Surely we treat them as though they were our personal property. Our religious views are drilled into them; our social prejudices are made part and parcel of their early training. We decide what schools they shall attend, what branches of learning they shall pursue, and very often mothers select the life-long partners of their daughters, as fathers decide what time of life the boy shall in his business career adopt.

Are we true to our duty in this respect? Is it unmanly, or doubtless all old-fashioned people were, to read the other day that one of our "select" families had invited a French stranger to entertain a group of elderly ladies and gentlemen, and that the unmarried, with songs of double meaning. The family stands well; that is, it is respectable, moves among the select, and is very rich.

Yet you have been to Paris and have seen the Frenchmen of this particular class go through their entertainments you know well enough what they do.

The More Risque the Verse.

the more suggestive the gesture, the wilder the applause and the louder the acclaim.

It cannot touch pitch, and not be defiled, you cannot rub elbows with a chiney sweep and not be soiled, you cannot listen to dirty stories and preserve the delicacy of your nature, you cannot rehearse epigrams without finding yourself more or less tainted.

You and I who have moved about life's circles many years, seeing pretty much everything, hearing it all, and not being patient to a degree perhaps not entirely justifiable, know that this means to us; what, then, must it mean to our sons and what to our daughters?

Is it within your possible conception that you would deliberately send your daughter in a public hall, where this fellows' grins would make her blush, where his remarks, unattended by any sense, would be a quick-witted American girl, tell the dirtiest possible story; where, if she be at all familiar with the French language, she would hear combinations of words which might mean anything, but which were intended to convey another?

"You know you can't. You know you wouldn't take your daughter to such a place."

That being conceded, what would be thought of you if you were to invite one of the cleverest of his class, one of the dirtiest of his race, one of the shrewdest manipulators of human passions, to your home, presenting him to your daughter, allowing him to shake the hand of your wife, and not content with defiling your own nest, should seek the young girls of your acquaintance and have them there?

Enjoy the Muck Heap

you had deliberately put in your drawing-room. What! say, would you think of your self if you did it? Yet that is what is done here.

Some one, it would seem to me, ought to hold this of this new social development, this hitting below the belt of honest existence.

The Pulpit!

On, never, never, never, never! I don't know what the matter with our friends, the reverend clergy, but they don't seem to take much stock in the affairs of this world.

They dream and speculate and meander off into the back woods of idealism, and are busy with not over